









# THE POPE, THE PRINCE, THE PEOPLE ;

OR,

Christian Civilization, Ancient and Modern.

WITH A POSTSCRIPT

ON

THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH THOUSAND  
OF MR. GLADSTONE'S "EXPOSTULATION."

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[On last Sunday, 13th inst., within the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the solemn anniversary service took place in the Church of Rotherhithe, Southwark. The Rev. Father Clery chanted the Mass, and Dr. Stewart M'Corry preached on the object of the festival. After Vespers the rev. doctor preached again on the truth of the Catholic Church, which was embodied in Christian teaching and practice. The lecture was an epitome of Christian civilization, ancient and modern, representing the spiritual and temporal powers, as the organic state of the Christian world. We are glad to find that it is already in the press, under the title, "The Pope, the Prince, the People." We also understand that Dr. Stewart M'Corry's recent pamphlet on Ritualism, in reply to Mr. Gladstone, was suitably acknowledged by the right hon. gentleman.—*From THE UNIVERSE, Dec. 19, 1874.*]

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**En hoc signo vinces.**

## **THE POPE—THE PRINCE—THE PEOPLE;**

OR,

**CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION—ANCIENT AND MODERN.**

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THE subject which is to engage our consideration this evening has been suggested to me by your worthy Pastor. It is most interesting in itself—most important in its bearings—most momentous in its consequences—most absorbing at the present moment. In fact it may be regarded as the subject of all subjects—the subject paramount before all others. In Christian theory it is the first and the last; in Christian practice it is, to use Scriptural language, the Alpha and the Omega.

What, then, is this subject, so grave and so great? It is truth—it is Christian truth—it is Eternal truth. Now, as truth is spiritual and intangible, and must be accommodated to those who, spiritual in one sense, are material in another, so must it be presented through a medium which is at once material and spiritual. It must be shadowed forth through an institute which is living, visible, audible—which is indued with a soul, as it is invested with a body. Here we have no dreamy speculations, as propounded by our new schools of thought—we have no visionary theories, as conjured up by certain knight errants who are riding their hobbies to death. On the contrary, we have facts, stubborn and irrefragable—facts which cannot be denied—facts plain and palpable, which we can see with our eyes, and touch with our very hands, and which spurn at all opposition!

How stands the case? We find ourselves in this material existence surrounded with multitudes of our fellow men who are groping their way in the dark. We were ushered into this world of bodies without our consent, and with or without our consent shall

we be ushered into the region of spirits. We find from undeniable evidence that others lived before us, and we have no doubt that others shall survive when we are commingled with the parent earth. Willing or unwilling, we must accept the stern reality. It is idle to demur at the inexorable logic of facts. We are told by the traditions of antiquity, that two beings like ourselves, with bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, had been placed some six thousand years ago by the great Creator in the garden of Eden—that they disobeyed His mandate—that they fell under His censure—that sentence of condemnation was pronounced against them and all their posterity; that it required a victim both Divine and human to make reparation—that the promised One after the fall, four thousand long intervening years elapsing, eventually came, and purchased for all mankind the most plentiful redemption—that restoration was made of heaven's original birthright—that the Saviour inaugurated another and more perfect state of things at His advent—that He abolished the Old Law with its priesthood and its sacrifices, and substituted in its stead, the priceless glories of the Christian dispensation, with its saving and refining influences.

These are very general outlines; but they are admitted by universal Christian consent, and by the self-same consent is it admitted that the Divine Messiah established His Church, which was to preach the Word of Life to every creature, and to perpetuate the heavenly work which He had initiated.

Before developing our argument, we may be permitted to take a retrospective glance at the state of the world, immediately anterior to the advent of the Messiah, and thus shall we be better able to appreciate the Divine light, which came down from heaven to illumine the earth for all coming time.

Forty hundred years had been permitted to elapse after the fall of man from his high estate, before the promise made at the gates of Eden saw its fulfilment in the stable of Bethlehem. This long delay was not without design. It was intended to expose the miseries which followed, as well as impress upon mankind what the prophet describes as *malum et amarum*, "What an evil and a bitter thing it is to offend the Lord God."

We need not go back to speak of the sorrows of our first parents and of the calamities which almost immediately overtook their offspring, nor yet of the long line of disasters which followed in succession, generation after generation. Let us pass by a rapid transition, from the patriarchal and prophetic times, to the period of the Roman Empire, which is now being idolized, and to those ages of classical Paganism to which we are now rapidly drifting! In those days mythology was rampant and Pantheism, then as now, obtained among the men of science and letters. True—then, as now, "The fool said in his heart there is no God" (Psalm xiii.). But this blasphemous utterance he did not say in his *head*, for his head gave the *lie* to his heart! Those days, like the present, in which Theists—Atheists if you like—denied the existence of the Triune Deity, more by their acts than by their words. Lactantius in his *Institutions* well observes what we repeat, that



such scoffers at the hour of death wonderfully change their tone ! Those only have attempted to deny the existence of God whose interest it is that no God should exist ! Thus we find our modern sceptics who, when in health, denounce the Christian priesthood, yet when death knocks at their door, do they send post haste for the sacred ministrations of the priest ! Yet our journalists can sport their flippant remarks upon the priestly office, and our judges can make after-dinner speeches about the audacity of Sacerdotalism and the pretentiousness of Churchmen !

What then was the state of the world—what the condition of society anterior to the advent of the Redeemer ? We point to the sad fact—we proclaim the deplorable truth, that day by day the tide of iniquity flowed on, wave after wave, in rapid succession. Every pestilential error and every loathsome vice had overspread almost the whole earth. Unhappy man hugged his chains, and rioted in the slavery of his passions, “in the region of the shadow of death.” From the far distant India in the East, to the remote pillars of Hercules in the West ; from the scorching sands of Africa in the South, to the icebound Scandinavia in the North, the most dismal cloud of sin and shame was brooding, like the very pall of death, over well nigh the whole habitable globe. The imaginative Greeks and the more matter of fact Romans boasted loudly of their light and of their daring, but they knew not that their light was darkness, and that their daring was drowned in oceans of human gore. The poetic Greek had invented an elaborate system of mythology, which was developed in the Areopagus, while the more travelled Roman imported from Egypt as from Greece—from Asia, Africa, Europe—East, West, North, and South—every conceivable worship, and in the Roman Pantheon, which stands to this day, raised up altars to all the gods ! Rome, eternal Rome, the Empress of the World, as Pope St. Leo happily observes, boasted of her religious worship, when she was enslaved to the absurd idols of contiguous nations, and to the preposterous divinities of her distant conquered provinces !

The merest mention of the worship of the pagan world proves beyond question the abject degradation of human reason, which is now so exalted, and the utter prostitution of human nature, when abandoned to a reprobate sense. In the name of religion the most shameful vices were deified. Pride and plunder were worshipped in the person of Jupiter, the thunderer of Olympus, and Emperor of all the Gods ; voluptuousness in the person of the Empress Juno ; drunkenness in the person of Bacchus ; licentiousness in the person of Venus ; bloodshed in the person of Mars ; but why continue the foul catalogue of abomination with which the pagan world was redolent, and which the schools of thought in the nineteenth century are so anxious to canonize ? From reeking altars in high places, and in fanes of surpassing magnificence, the smoke of sacrifice arose, the hymns of praise were sung ; music, poetry, and eloquence lent their charms to uphold this infernal system of delusion, and to consecrate the diabolical impersonations of demons, male and female, in human form !

Those who are now reputed as sages were carried away with the torrent of iniquity and had not the moral courage to try and stem its course. They cried out like Cicero: "*O tempora! O mores!*" "Oh, the degeneracy of the age! The depravity of morals!" They cried out like Ovid:

*"Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor."*

They cried out like Horace: "*Eheu Postume; Labuntur Anni!*"

They cried out, like the Sophists, for the philosopher's stone, so that they might learn wisdom; and the philosophers themselves cried out for the knowledge of the *summum bonum* of man. Yet this clear knowledge was denied them. They had mystified ideas of man's origin and of man's destiny. His ultimate end was the hinge "*cardo*," as Cicero said, whereon all philosophy hangs. The Stoics contended with the Epicureans, and the Peripatetics with the Stoics. The Platonists, who approximated nearest the truth, held a mixed and therefore vitiated theory, and were also in conflict. Upon the grand question—the *summum bonum*—hundreds of different opinions were broached—so that Marcus Varro, a learned Roman, as we find in St. Augustine's *Civit Dei*, reckoned up the number to 288. But who could count the number of heterogeneous irreligious opinions in the non-Catholic world in this nineteenth century, when every man has his own creed, and every woman, too! yet all *agreeing to differ*, and that their differences are all more or less right, when they are all radically wrong!

The ancient philosophers had, however, the modesty to admit their shortcomings; but our modern philosophers, who repudiate all Christian dogma, are audacious enough to uphold the plausibility of their own chimeras! The ancient philosophers, as we find from their writings, longed after the "*Expectatio Gentium*;" but our modern philosophers now ignore the truths of revealed religion taught by the "*Salvator mundi*." The ancient philosophers welcomed the advent of the Promised One; but our modern philosophers repudiate His Divine Humanity!

Listen to Plato in regard to the Saviour, and then judge:—

"SOCRATES.—The safest course is to wait patiently, and we certainly must wait until he come who shall instruct us in our duties towards God and towards men. ALCIBIADES.—When will that hour come, and who shall instruct us in these things! I ardently desire to behold this teacher? SOCRATES.—He of whom we are speaking has care of thy concerns, but as I think, he acts in regard to us, as Homer relates that Minerva acted with Diomed. Minerva dispelled the mists which darkened the eyes of Diomed, and he then saw the objects which were before him. In like manner it is necessary that a dense mist should be taken away from the eyes of thy understanding, in order that thou shouldst discern good from evil, which at present thou canst not do. ALCIBIADES.—Oh! that he would come! Oh! that he would dissipate this darkness! For my part, I would be ready to do whatever he should command, so that I might but become better than I am. SOCRATES.—This is what we ought to do, because in our ignorance we know not what sacrifices are pleasing to God and what are displeasing to Him. ALCIBIADES.—When that day shall arrive, our sacrifices will happily be pleasing to God, and I trust in His goodness that this day cannot be far off."

Thus Pagan Philosophy had a foreshadowing of the Virgin Mother and her Divine Child—a foretaste of the good things to come—a forecast of the New Law and the abrogation of the Old!

The Sybils also prophesied, and the poets sung of the *virgo* and the *cara soboles*—

Jam redivit et virgo ; redeunt Saturnia regna.

The Tiburtine Sybil announced to Augustus the Lord's coming—

Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto, cara Deum soboles.

But our modern schools of thought, in their pride and scepticism, discard the past and defy the future, being wrapt up with the present.

We know, from traditional teaching, that the Romans derived their learning from the Greeks, the Greeks from the Egyptians, the Egyptians from the Chaldeans, who were the first people that received instruction in Divine matters from Adam—Methuselah—Noah. But our modern schools of thought are, forsooth, wiser in their generation than all others, past, present or future!

Philosophy then, as now, could not grapple with the social evils of the day. It sent forth a fitful gleam, which was quickly quenched—an occasional coruscation, which flashed and disappeared. The philosophy of the Roman villas and of the groves of Athens, like the school of thought upon the banks of the Nile, and now in our day upon the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, the Cam—the Isis and the Thames, is merely human, and therefore powerless to illumine the intellect and regulate the conscience in regard to man's eternal interests. It promised much—it effected nothing. It had fine speeches on its lips, but it had no heaven-born inspiration to cure "the mind diseased." The Pagan philosophers, like our modern paganized schools, wrangled among themselves, and revolved round the cycle of error. They had no stability, because they had no certainty. They disputed upon every thing, from the highest to the lowest, from the nature of the gods to the vilest insect ; they agreed upon almost nothing, for they had no fixed reliance on the conclusions to which they might arrive. Besides, they taught the most preposterous errors. Cicero truly says, that there was no absurdity however monstrous which was not broached by Stoics, Peripatetics, or other wouldbe philosophers. The most profound amongst them advocated principles which undermine all morality, and set common sense at defiance. Thus, for example, the grave Socrates, on the night before his death, gave orders that a cock should be offered in sacrifice to Esculapius, the God of Medicine ! The prince of Roman oratory was the vainest of men, and justified falsehood ; Epictatus patronized suicide ; Cato also vindicated self-destruction ; and Plato, with all his metaphysics, justified a plurality of wives ! Truly these were not the men, sensuous and self-indulgent, however belauded at the present day, who could regenerate the world by their peculiar ethics, and from Paradise lost point the way to Paradise regained ! The case was desperate—the cure most exceptional. The Prophet Isaiah, in graphic strains, describes human nature as vitiated to its very heart's core. He declares that, "From the sole of its foot to the top of its head there was no

soundness therein ; wounds, bruises and swelling sores ; they were not bound up, nor dressed, nor fermented with oil."

Such was man delivered over to a reprobate sense. His head; his heart, all his members corrupted, even to the very marrow of his bones. He forgot the end of his being; he forgot that he was made for immortality; he thought, according to the ideas of the day, that he was only a mere machine, to eat, drink, and make merry. He had flattered the belief, as men do now, that the light of nature would suffice for all purposes, and behold him groping in Egyptian darkness; that reason would make him free—and behold him grovelling in slavery; that the combined intellects and energies of his fellow-creatures could accomplish everything but the impossible—and behold him, at the termination of his career, with his hands empty, his work done, but groaning in spirit, as did Alexander, that he had not another world to conquer, or like our men of science at the present day, that they have not another Atlantic to cross with their cable—other Alps and Andes to penetrate with their rail—another globe to encircle with their electro-telegraphic wire!

Such was the state of humanity after the fall—such its deplorable condition before the advent of the Son of God. Man was also more or less a materialist—he was now to be spiritualized; he was in darkness—he was now to be enlightened; he was in slavery—he was now to rejoice in the freedom of the Gospel; he had been building, like our men of progress in these days, mere "castles in the air," with their fantastic fashions, and laying colossal monuments upon the earth, which sooner or later disappear; he is now to be taught by the Divine Founder of Christianity the science of all sciences—the science of the saints—the science which maketh wise unto salvation—the science which is to realize the grand end of his creation, which is the possession of his Creator and the enjoyment of a glorious eternity!

The Church of the Saviour was to be the Church of Truth—the Church of Divine Revelation—the Church of the Sacraments and of the Sacrifice—the Church for all ages—the Church for all countries. The Lord Jesus established, it is true, his Church in Judea, but He gave the commission to the apostolic body to preach the Gospel in every place and to every creature—to the Jew, the Gentile, the Greek, the Barbarian; he gave the commission to diffuse the blessings of Christian knowledge, therefore of Christian civilization, among all nations of the earth, from the rising to the setting sun: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."

As this Church—composed of "pastors teaching and people taught"—was to be the most perfectly organized community—or to use the language of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "we being many are one body in Christ"—so this one body must of necessity have a head, as a body wanting the head is a monster. Every living body must have a living head, to speak, to act, to command!

During the period of His mortal career our blessed Lord was the living visible Head of his Church. But when He was crucified on Calvary's Hill, the Church, though widowed of her Divine

Founder, was not left headless! The lambs and the sheep were still guarded by the duly appointed pastor. The Divine Redeemer had indeed promised to send the Paraclete as the comforter to teach the Church all truth and to abide with her for ever. But He had also made provision for a pastor to the fold—for the living visible head of the living visible body of His divinely constituted Church—a head which should act in His name and by His authority—a head which should in process of time pay the common debt of nature, but a head which should be followed by a Head in succession which should ever crown the mystical body of Christ, with this indispensable adjunct, till the consummation of ages!

From amongst his Apostles He selected one whom He invested with plenipotentiary authority—with the supremacy of power and the primacy of jurisdiction—he appointed one who was to be His vicegerent and representative—one whom He constituted as the rock on which the Divine fabric of the Christian institute was built—one for whom He specially prayed that his faith should not fail, but that, being converted, he might confirm his brethren—one to whom in particular He gave the keys of the kingdom of heaven, which are symbolical of unlimited authority.

Without entering into elaborate details, we do submit that the constitution of the Christian Church is here shadowed forth, consisting of pastors teaching, and people taught. Among the teachers there is consequently one of super-eminent position, called by the paternal name Papa—father—as being the common father of all the faithful children of Jesus Christ upon earth. This great Christian family is classified into the various grades of which society is composed, from the Pope to the priest—from the prince to the peasant—from the king who commands to the people who obey. Here, then, is found Christian Catholic organization!

Hence do we designate our paper, The Pope—the Prince—the People—as representing the spiritual and temporal powers—powers which are distinct in themselves—independent in their own respective spheres, and which, remaining in their legitimate province, may not necessarily clash. All power is from God—the spiritual and the temporal. But there is a Divine guarantee given to the spiritual which is not awarded to the temporal power. To the spiritual, but not to the temporal power, it was emphatically said—“I am with you.” The spiritual power in its own domain must ever be right, according to the Divine promise; but the temporal power may possibly go wrong! The spiritual power may not cross the boundary religio-political line—the line of demarcation between spirituals and temporals; but the temporal power is too apt, if I may be allowed the expression, to steal a march upon the spiritual, and to intrude into a territory to which it has no just claim. Hence the collision in former ages, and hence the conflict in the present age—hence the repelling of the invading temporal power when it intrudes into the spiritual domain, and when, in matters of faith and morals, it goes beyond its legitimate province. In these circumstances the Church takes her stand and

is uncompromising. She acts in the name and by the authority of Him who declared, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go teach all nations. Behold I am with you. Preach the Gospel to every creature! Fear not—I have overcome the world!"

These are her Divine credentials, and she comports herself accordingly. This is the high and holy authorization which the Christian Church—Catholic and Roman—ever adduces when she takes action in regard to matters bearing on religion and education. Were she to interfere—the hypothesis is inadmissible—in temporal legislation—in political economy—in mere material interests, then the State would have reason to complain. But when there is question of spiritual, or mixed—spiritual and temporal—legislation, then the Church, ever guided by the Holy Ghost, must reign supreme and uncontrolled. She has been appointed to teach and to direct, and to solve every difficulty. At the same time she cannot go beyond her legitimate province, because He is with her—she cannot touch with her anointed hands mere sublunary matters, which are altogether material, and therefore not within her range. Consequently every exception taken on the part of statesmen and diplomatists, that the Church is ever grasping, and that Churchmen are always intermeddling, serves only to remind us of the old fable, "the wolf and the lamb." The naughty lamb muddled the stream, and the innocent wolf was a witness to the foul deed! The Church's action is sacred, and regards the sacred things committed to her charge. At the same time, the Church is in the world, but not of the world, and in her dealings with the world it belongs to her to pronounce how far, and no farther, the world can draw the line between the temporal and the spiritual! Never can she tolerate any interference—any injurious intermeddling. She cannot tolerate any infringement of her rights, any encroachment on her liberties. She cannot tolerate the intrusion of the temporal power within the precincts of the sanctuary, to the detriment of immortal souls and the undermining of social order. She is to watch over and to act for the interests of all her children, both here and hereafter. Moreover, the Church cannot be silent when she must needs speak. To the civil governors who would arrest her progress, and damp her zeal, and quash her Vatican or other decrees, she ever replies, as did the apostles of old, "If it be meet to listen to you rather than God, look ye to it."

In the present convulsed state of society she bides her time. She waits for the dawn of better days, but she does not acquiesce in the so-called logic of events. If oppressed with physical force, she preserves her moral power. If bound in chains, and consigned to the dungeon, her limbs may be fettered, but her soul is free! She protests against impiety—denounces all Bismarckism—all regal and imperial tyranny! She raises the voice of protestation while she is robbed of her States, the patrimony of St. Peter, and of those bequests which she has inherited, from Catholic Christendom, for religion and education—for charity to the poor—the orphan—the widow! It is her bounden duty, in the face of high Heaven, to denounce the sacrilegious crimes which have

been perpetrated in the profaned name of Liberty, and to hurl her spiritual anathemas against the myrmidons of iniquity, who arrogate to themselves the title of men of progress—whether they be occupants of tottering thrones, or infidel revolutionists who conspire in secret, “loving the darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil.” Truly we have fallen into evil times, and at the present moment, men know not on which side to turn, when the whole Christian world is in a state of utter perturbation; when Might, and not Right, is the order of the day; when the **Church** of the living God—the Catholic and Roman—is **despoiled** of those possessions which the piety of antiquity had bequeathed to her keeping; when the chivalry of **every** European Cabinet has become defunct, and the ages of **faith** have fled across the Atlantic; when the **Father of the Faithful** is allowed to remain a prisoner in the **Vatican**, as St. Peter of old was a prisoner in the Mamertine; when the abomination of desolation has entered into the Holy City, and demons incarnate are stalking abroad throughout the length and breadth of Europe; when liberty has degenerated into libertinism, and the vaunted freedom of the press has passed into absolute license; when physical persecutions, in the shape of fines and captivity, are rife, and moral persecutions, in the shape of calumnious pamphlets and false accusations, are scattered in tens of thousands broadcast throughout the land; when every country of Europe is oppressed with misery of one kind or another—tyranny, war, bloodshed, discontent, irreligion; when we fail to read the signs of the times, and know not what fresh disaster to-morrow may bring; when all around seems ominous and portending evil; when the world at large appears to be drowned with a deluge of evil, which has not even yet reached its culminating point; what, indeed, remains for the true Christian to do, but to cast himself prostrate upon his knees before the altar in the ark of Holy Church, which is ever buoyant, despite the winds and the waves, and raising His eyes towards heaven, and uplifting His voice in the prayer of supplication, to exclaim, “How long, gracious and just, how long?” The nations have raged and prime ministers have devised vain things, but God can wait, because He is eternal.

Well, indeed, may we be permitted to say with the apostle, “the days are evil.” The great question ever arises, What is to be done? what remedy is to be employed? what means must be put in requisition? The evil is admitted—it is appalling—it is gigantic—it is growing on apace. What is to arrest its progress? The counteraction must come either from heaven or the earth. From the earth it cannot come—the earth is diseased—it is corrupt even to the very marrow of its bones—it cannot cure itself. There is no hope here below, it must come from above—it must proceed from the great Ruler of the Universe—it must emanate from the throne of the Divinity. Hence, the heavenly voice re-echoes the cry of warning, “This my Beloved Son—hear ye Him!”

That voice spoke in ancient as it speaks in modern times; it spoke in the apostolic age, through the mountains and valleys of Palestine; it spoke in the primitive ages—the ages of martyrs and

confessors—through Asia and Europe; it spoke in the middle, or *dark*; ages through Africa; and in our *enlightened* modern age it speaks through the prairies of America and the plains of Oceanica.

What, then, was the speech it spoke? What was the burden of the song it sung? What the homily which it delivered? Why, the old speech, the old song, the old homily were comprised in three words—words which must ever be repeated.

“Hear my Church”—my One, Catholic, Apostolic, Church. Mark the penalty of disobedience: “He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican!” What, then, says the Church? Simply what she ever said: Fear God! Honour the king! Love all men, specially those of the household of faith! Thus stands conspicuous the object of our thesis—the spiritual—the temporal power vindicated, or in other terms, spiritual allegiance to Heaven—temporal to the earth.

The Pope—the prince—the people, assuredly personify Christian civilization, ancient as well as modern. The Pope representing all spiritual authority—the prince representing all temporal authority—the people directed thus by authority, both spiritual and temporal. Thus stands consolidated the Divine Christian Institute.

Yes, says the Church; and the unerring mouthpiece of the One, Infallible, Christian Church is the Supreme Governor—the Roman Pontiff. What says he? “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.” This is a religious aphorism—old as it is true—cœval with the establishment of Christianity itself—spoken in the first century—re-echoed now in the nineteenth—to be reverberated to the consummation of ages!

It can never be too frequently repeated, that truths in themselves need never clash, neither ought the powers spiritual and temporal, which both proceed from God, be at any time in conflict. But the abuse of temporal power by man creates collision. Hence do we find—confusion worse confounded—the temporal rebelling against the spiritual—the human against the Divine—the Emperor against the Pope!—Lucifer against the most High!

It is not for our theme to maintain that the spiritual power has never been abused. Enough for us to demonstrate that the Church, ever under the direction of the Holy Ghost, never did, and never can, authorize abuse. The State has no such guarantee, and hence do we find before our eyes the most monstrous abuse on the part of the Executive. Hence unscrupulous prime ministers invade the Church’s patrimony, and disappointed ex-premiers denounce the Church’s decrees, and false brethren pervert history and “wrest Christianity to their own perdition.” But the Church is prepared for every encounter—she proceeds in the even tenor of her way, neither turning to one side nor to the other, but simply raising her voice above the din of conflict, and the diplomacy of cabinets, she cries aloud, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!” Then she points to her solemn decrees, in general council delivered, as the very oracles of Heaven itself. She does not condescend to water them down to suit the accommodating tastes of those who try unwittingly to “serve two masters.” She has no idea of magnifying nor yet of



minimising her decisions. She raises the voice of her universality, the echo of which reverberates throughout the globe—"He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Her teachings are emphatic, ubiquitous, final. She teaches the truth of God in no bated breath; she alone proclaims the truth without compromise; she turns to those who hesitate or are slow of belief, she rebukes them in the very words of her Divine Founder: "If I speak the truth, why do you not hear me! He that is of God heareth the words of God; but you hear them not, because you are not of God!"

The clenching point, to which every other subordinates, is this—Is there Christian truth in the world, and is there a living infallible oracle of Christian truth called the Church, which is to proclaim for a certainty—Truth, Christian and Eternal? This is the point of points!—the question of questions!

All Catholics throughout the world are of one accord upon this point. All unanimously agree that the grand Christian corporation, called the Church, being appointed for all men, upon all men must it reach. It must therefore permeate and vivify every class of society, from the prince to the peasant. No section of the community is beyond control; no school of thought, literary or artistic, philosophical or philological, is beyond the Church's domain. When touching on educational, historic and quasi-theological ground, no statesman, no diplomatist, no government can claim exemption from the Church's immediate superintendence and ultimate decision. Every Christian must defer to the Church!

But let us relax our argument, and introduce a little personal episode, by way of illustration, which may amuse while it instructs. During the past season I had occasion, by request of the energetic pastor, to preach and to lecture in the ancient city of Canterbury, which may be truly regarded as the religious nursery of Christian England, from which offshoots went forth throughout the length and breadth of the land. I spoke of the Church's organization, and of the notes—unity, sanctity, Catholicity, apostolicity—by which she is distinguished. Afterwards, I wended my apostolic journeying to the hospitable home of the Benedictine Fathers, at Ramsgate, in whose church I spoke of the good old times, when, by a particular Providence, the Anglo-Saxons were converted by the monks of St. Benedict to the Christian faith. I referred to the well-known narrative as given by our ancient chroniclers, which may be repeated, as it tells the tale of the good old times of England and of Rome.

One day in the Roman market-place St. Gregory the Great was taking his rounds. His Holiness was struck with admiration in beholding certain beautiful fair-haired slaves, who he was told had been brought captives from *Anglia*, and were called *Angli*. Oh! exclaimed the holy Pontiff, if they were only Christians, they would be literally *Angeli*. Thereupon he determined to send from the Benedictine Monastery, near the Roman Coliseum, Father Augustine and his companions, who, according to historical records, landed at Pegwell Bay, in the then Kingdom of Kent, and carried

the torch of revealed religion to those who were living in darkness and in the shadow of death! From this date was inaugurated the grand era of Christian civilization. This ancient Catholic and Roman civilization flourished, with its fruits and its flowers, for upwards of a thousand years, till the disastrous change of religion, which now in its downward course is literally tending again towards Paganism! *Oh, rerum humanarum vices!* The vicissitudes of all things here below!

In those days the Roman Pontiff rejoiced in the freedom of Old Rome, which had been vacated in his favour by the Emperor Constantine. That great Christian convert, or rather *captive*, to use the ex-premier's expression in regard to those who become *Roman* Catholic converts, found, to his dismay, that the Roman Pontiff had lived in a cave in the neighbourhood of Mount Soracte. Having received the waters of Holy Baptism, he presented, as an act of grateful acknowledgment, a palace to the Pope, and a suitable retinue, as attendants. But he did more; for he wisely considered that even the Eternal City, notwithstanding its ample radius, could not contain within its walls the two representatives of the spiritual and temporal order. Thereupon he decided to leave Old Rome to the Popes, and to transfer the seat of the civil government from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus. But those days of Christian faith and Catholic chivalry are things of the past. For we now find, to the horror of Christendom, that an uncouth animal, with his irreligious emissaries from the fastnesses of the Alps, has scaled, or rather pierced through, those ancient walls, which, in our simplicity, we deemed impregnable; still more horrible, in the sight of Europe, has he been enthroned in that palace, which, since the days of Constantine, was the home of the Popes! Being a Roman citizen—student priest and doctor—I may well exclaim, *Horresco referens!*

This, no doubt, is most humiliating, however provisional be the state of things; sooner or later it must pass away. Christendom must bide God's good time, while it must pray, and bring forth worthy fruits of penitence, that those evil days be shortened!

I explained also the vexed question of Papal infallibility which was a special privilege, attached to his supreme office as being the Church's head, of necessarily teaching what was divinely true, in regard to faith and morals. This and cognate questions could be readily understood if the ancient *Disciplina Arcani* and the more modern theory of development were duly appreciated. It is a dogma of Christian faith that the Holy Ghost is ever watching over the Christian Church, and it is equally so that all Christian truths were originally contained in the sacred *depositum* of Divine Revelation. Why truths, which were ever enshrined in the soul of the Church, should from age to age, receive positive embodiment and be stamped with the seal of the Church's dogmatic authority, is attributable to the exigencies of the times under Providential agency.

In the apostolic ages many of the Primitive Christians were babes in the faith, and required to be nourished with the milk, or, if you like, cream, of holy doctrine, instead of being fed with the strong

food given to the stalwart champions of Christianity. Hence the discipline of the secret, and the doctrine of development. Besides, dogmatic definitions were given from time to time to settle questions of litigation, and thus to remove contention as we find decreed at the Council of Jerusalem. Again,

The Church decreed in the first century, when the heresy of the Ebionites was condemned, which taught that Jesus was simply the Son of Joseph the Carpenter!

The Church decreed in the second century, when the heresy of the Gnostics was condemned, who taught that Christ assumed only the appearance of flesh!

The Church decreed, in the third century, when the heresy of Paul of Samosata was condemned, who taught that Christ never existed till He was born of the Holy Virgin, and that He was a mere man!

The Church decreed, in the fourth century, when Pope Siricius condemned the impiety of Jovinian and his adherents, who denied the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God!

The Church decreed, in the fifth century, when Pope Celestine condemned Nestorius for denying the Divine Maternity.

The Church decreed, in the sixteenth century, passing over, for brevity's sake, intervening ages, when the heresy of Martin Luther and the so-called Reformers were condemned in regard to the Sacraments and Sacrifice of the altar!

The Church decreed, in the nineteenth century, that the Holy Mother of Jesus was born without the stain of original sin, and that the Divinely-appointed Vicar of our Lord was perfectly infallible in his official utterances. But let us resume our narrative.

On the same Sunday, for the third time, I had also occasion to speak at Margate. The subject suggested to me by the reverend pastor was "The Roman Pontificate." That subject I studied to demonstrate under four headings—*promised—instituted—exercised—perpetuated*. Towards the conclusion of my homily I referred, much to the amusement of my auditory, to a felicitous mistake upon the part of the Margate printers, who, instead of announcing that I was the author of "St. Peter at Rome," put into type "St. Peter at Home." I congratulated them on the happy incident, which was full of augury. The press had positively declared that St. Peter was at home at Margate, and I simply expressed the fond hope that among the good people in Margate he may always remain!

Another little jocular incident let me rehearse in my rambles through Kent, as it may enliven our narrative, and impart some zest to our otherwise prosaic oration. I had gone on to Deal and Dover, when I happened to meet in those parts an able and excellent convert priest, whom, when in Scotland, I had received into the Church, some quarter of a century previously, and who had then, as a layman, been connected with St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth. By the way, the very rev. provost of the same cathedral has also lately been aggregated to the fold—being now a most zealous member of Holy Church. Who is the next, may I ask?

Without rehearsing details, I may mention that in one of those

interesting coast towns I strolled into a bookseller's shop to feel how the religious pulse of the community might beat, when some conversation after the following fashion took place. "Pray, sir," I said, "can you supply me with any work upon Truth?" The proprietor was evidently taken aback with the unexpected question. Being apparently somewhat disconcerted, he shook his head and said: "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot." "Well," I immediately rejoined, "it is a sad case for yourself and fellow-townsmen that truth is not to be found in your otherwise well-appointed library. For my part, I have been publishing books for upwards of thirty years, and I should very much grieve if they were not all true! Doubtless it would be desirable for our mutual advantage to send for a certain number of copies of my publications, and let me meantime present you the catalogue with the names of my London publishers."

Books without number are being printed, but books replete with truth are far from being largely circulated among the non-Catholic public. Hence the ignorance which prevails regarding Catholicity.

What our fellow men require is to know the truth; and the truth would make them free—free from the trammels of early education, and the prepossessions of public and private schools—free from the Rationalism of the non-Catholic pulpit, and the arrogance of the public press—free from the dictation of public opinion and the fanaticism of blind leaders of the blind. *Fiat Lux!*

P.S.—The hundred and twenty-fourth thousand of Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation* has issued from the press, and we know not how many more, from the temper of the times, may follow. The subject has now been so well ventilated, and the replies so exhaustive, that we shall content ourselves with making a single observation. The right hon. gentleman, under the influence of certain feelings which we need not analyze, has challenged the allegiance of the Catholics of the British Empire. He has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, which was at once accepted by representative writers of every grade; answers of the most categorical character have been brought into court, and the most rebutting evidence has been adduced. The public at large, from the Tribunal of Justice, have now simply to return their verdict. If the allegations cannot be substantiated, and if, on the other hand, they are proved to be untrue, nothing remains, but for the right honourable gentleman, from principles of equity and conscience, to make the most generous retraction. *Fiat justitia—ruat cælum!*

Clarence Gardens, Regent's Park, December 29th, 1874.

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